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THE CONFLICT OF TEMPERA- MENTS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

DIFFERENCE of temperament is the cause of frequent misjudgment. The ardent and impulsive fail to comprehend the cool and reflective; while the latter are always liable to make unjust estimates of the former. We see this every day.

Two or three years ago I met a friend named Hallam while in a state of considerable excitement. He is one of your quick feeling, impulsive men; and, as such men usually are, hasty in judgment and strong in expression. He came into my office in a hurried way, his face hot and his manner nervous.

"You look disturbed," I said.

"I am disturbed," he replied, his eye flashing with angry light.

"What's the trouble?" I inquired.

"I've just been to see Scranton, the mean, suspicious, cold-hearted, brutal old rascal!" was answered, with a look of disgust not unmingled with chagrin and disappointment.

"And the interview has not been a very agreeable one, judging from your state of mind."

"It has been anything but agreeable. He treated me with ungentlemanly rudeness. I'm so angry I can scarcely contain myself."

And he walked about the room in that agitated way we see in very nervous persons when strongly excited.

"Sit down and calm yourself," I said in a quick, steady voice.

He sat down.

"Now tell me what has happened between you and Mr. Scranton. There

must have been some misunderstanding. I have always found him kind and gentlemanly—looking past, as I do, a certain cold abruptness of manner that has its origin in temperament."

"There was no misunderstanding at all," replied Hallam, sharply. "It was a case of insulting rudeness. Scranton never misunderstands. He's too much of an icicle for that. If he had been angry and off his guard, I could have forgiven him. Hasty speeches, made when a man's blood is up, I can look over. I know just what they mean—how much should be treasured, and how much forgiven. I'm hasty myself. But, your cold-blooded, self-poised, insolent people, who never lose self-command, and always mean just what they say, I can't abide. And Scranton is just such a man."

"But you haven't given me the head and front of his offending yet," said I. "Why did you call on him?"

"Not to ask a favor for myself, you may be well assured."

"So you went to ask a favor?"

"Yes."

"And your request was denied?"

"I was insulted!"

His eyes flashed with rekindling anger.

"In what way?"

"The story is soon told. I called to ask his aid in making up a subscription."

"For what purpose?"

"To give a poor woman a start in business."

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Milton."

"What of her?" I inquired.

"I met her only recently, but her case interested me strongly."

"And Mr. Scranton refused to join you in doing this neighbourly kindness."

"Yes, meanly and insolently refused,"

answered Hallam, with reviving indignation.

"What did he say?"

"As I told him my errand, I saw his countenance change. There is not much of light or warmth in it at any time; but the few gleams that touched it here and there, faded all out, until it became absolutely frigid."

"I can't do anything in this case," he answered almost before I was done speaking. His manner was rude.

"But, Mr. Scranton," I continued, resolved, in my anxiety to serve Mrs. Milton, not to be put off easily, 'this is a case of no common interest. Let me give you some of the facts.'

"Excuse me," he replied, frowning and moving restlessly in his chair. 'I had rather not hear them, and if you will take my advice, you'll be a little chary about taking up the case of every plausible stranger you happen to meet. I say nothing against, but certainly shall do nothing for, Mrs. Milton, or whatever she may be pleased to call herself.'

"Good morning!" I said, and turned off abruptly. I was angry, and he knew it."

I waited until my friend came back again to some degree of coolness.

"Perhaps," said I, "he knows this Mrs. Milton a great deal better than you do."

"He never heard of her in all his life before!" was positively answered.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I am sure of it. He's a mean, miserly old wretch, without a touch of human sympathy in his nature."

"No; in that you misjudge him. Mr. Scranton I know to be a kind-hearted man; but he is prudent and thoughtful. Mere feeling is rarely, if ever, permitted to govern his actions. He must see a thing to be right before he does it."

"The calm head and the cold heart! Faugh! I can't endure such men."

"They serve society best in the long run, I take it," was my answer. "But, to come back to Mrs. Milton. My reading of Mr. Scranton's language and manner is against her. He never talks idly. Depend upon it, his 'Whatever she may be pleased to call herself,' has a meaning that you would do well to consider."

But he flouted the idea, and repeated his strong sentence against Mr. Scranton.

Six months afterwards, while in company with Mr. Hallam, the thought of Mrs. Milton crossed my mind, and I said,

"What of the poor lady in whom you were so much interested a while ago?"

"Don't talk about her!" he replied, a red spot burning on his cheek. "She was a handsome swindler."

"Mr. Scranton was not so far wrong after all," said I.

"Beg your pardon!" Hallam quickly replied, "He was wrong."

"Not as against your fair swindler." "But as against humanity, of which she stood the representative. You needn't try to bolster up Scranton. I know his quality. I've read him through. A cold-hearted, selfish, mean, unsympathizing man."

It was in vain that I defended Mr. Scranton. Hallam would hear nothing in his favor, and continued to denounce him as unfeeling, heartless, and brutal.

A year afterwards he came to me in great trouble of mind. His affairs had gone wrong. Temperament had been against him. Feeling and impulse had drawn him into perilous conditions. Some of the warm-hearted, fair-talking, sympathetic business men he liked so well, had betrayed him to his loss; and others, whom he counted on certainly as his way became difficult, refused a helping hand.

"There is no friendship, no heart, no generosity, no humanity in the world!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "If things go well, you get fair speech and gracious smiles; if ill, cloudy looks and the cold shoulder."

I found that a certain man, a merchant with whom he had for a long time been on intimate terms, held him in his power, and was about pushing him to the wall. He had just been to see this person, who not only refused to hold back an execution, recently issued, but treated poor Hallam with a discourtesy that chafed him sorely.

"I know of but one man who can help you," said I, after clearly understanding the state of affairs.

"Who?" he asked eagerly.

"Mr. Scranton."

The light went out of his face.

"I happen to know," I continued, without seeming to observe his change of manner, "that he has some influence with this Mr. Storm, who is crowding you so closely. In fact, there exists such a relation between them, that if Mr. Scranton strongly disapproves the course he is taking, Storm must desist."

"Poor comfort in all that," replied Hallam, gloomily. "Why should he disapprove?"

"Our estimations of Mr. Scranton differ," said I. "You have suffered feeling to blind you in regard to his real character. Now I consider him a just man, and a kind man. He never acts from mere impulse. He can always give you a reason for what he does."

Hallam shook his head.

"In the case of your fair friend, whom he refused to help, there was more in his conduct than you imagined, as I have since learned. He knew all about her."

"He did?"

"Yes. She was the wife of a relative, passing under an assumed name. All the admonition he felt free to give at the time, you received; but you were angry and did not heed him; you were angry, and misjudged him."

Hallam was surprised.

"This information," I added, "changes your position in regard to Mr. Scranton. You see him from another point of view."

He did not reply.

"Take my advice and go to him. State your case plainly, and ask him if he cannot help you. He will listen to you patiently, and if he can see the way clear, will render you service. If his head is cool his heart is warm. I know the man. But he will only act from a just judgment in any case. My word for it, if you can make him see that Storm is acting from that selfish eagerness which will have its own, no matter who or what suffers, he will say to Storm—'Not one step farther in that direction,' and his word will prevail."

My friend's peril was so great that he would not turn from any fair offer of help. I was positive and urgent. So he went to see Mr. Scranton. In leaving my office he said,—

"I'd rather go to be shot!"

He looked pale and wretched.

Half an hour afterwards he returned.

His step was light, his form erect, his countenance so changed that he scarcely looked like the man who had turned from me with a most painful air of dejection only a little while before.

"All right," he said, almost cheerily. "You knew the man better than I did."

"Sit down and tell me all about it."

I was, of course, interested.

He sat down, saying,—

"I had to drag myself there. Twice I stopped and turned back; but when I turned all before me was black and hopeless. In only one direction was there any promise of escape. So I went on again. Mr. Scranton was sitting at a desk writing, when I entered. He did not see me as I approached him, and I had to speak. He looked up and I expected a frown; but his face lighted up with a kindly expression."

"Can I have a few words with you, Mr. Scranton?" I said.

"The words so choked me that I could hardly bring them into utterance."

"He drew me a chair close to the desk where he was sitting. As I sat down, he replied, encouragingly,—

"As many as you please, Mr. Hallam. Say on."

"The ice was broken. My heart was lighter. I could breathe freely. What a sense of relief I experienced. As soon as I could collect my thoughts, I told my story. He listened, without a movement or a response. What a calm self-poised man he is! I saw that he was interested, but could not tell whether he would be for or against me. After I had finished, he asked a great many questions, questions that made it plain to me, that he not only understood my exact situation, but was concerned for me. He then pointed out several mistakes that I had made, and showed me that certain things I purposed doing were not best. What a sound judgment the man has."

"Give yourself no further trouble about Mr. Storm," he said, at last, when he fully comprehended the case. "He is not acting right. Call and see me to-morrow, and if you will submit a full statement of your affairs, I will advise and help you in every proper way. I see that you mean to do justly, and that is all in your favour."

"I thanked him with tears in my eyes."

I feel strongly, you know; it is my nature. But he was as cool and calm as an October evening."

"You will submit the statement of your affairs," said I.

"O, yes! He has won me over. I will trust both his head and his heart."

"You may do so with confidence, for his heart is kind and his judgment clear. Mere feeling never betrays him into an act that reason does not approve. If your case had not been just; if he had seen anything like fraud or over-reaching; he would have turned from you and denied you. No appeal would have influenced him. He would have stood unmoved by your distress and danger, and seen you go under without putting forth a hand to save you. Such is the man. You may say that he is of granite, or iron—that he cannot have natural feeling—that he hurts the weak and sensitive—or make a hundred such allegations against him. But it will be hard to find a case where, through blind feeling, he has been unjust, or the oppressor of innocence. He will not give money to have his name in print; nor to help the unprincipled, or vicious; nor to encourage the idle and self-indulgent; nor to stand fair with his neighbours. All appeals to him are in vain that do not reach his judgment."

"It is well to have such men in the world," replied Hallam. "They are as granite pillars; or as key-stones in arches or as piers and abutments. If I am not bruised in striking against them, if I am not held up by their calm and rugged strength, I can appreciate their value. But if they stand at any time in the way of my over-ardent impulses, and I am suddenly bruised by contact, feeling will blind me to their worth, and I will misjudge them. I know my weakness—I know my temperament. With what strange differences we are made! How little do we understand each other!"

A knowledge of our infirmity, is said by the moralist, to be half the cure. For all my moral Hallam's intimations to the contrary, he is more careful in his judgments of men, and is not so hard on the cool and unimpulsive as formerly. He has proved the worth of solid principle—and understands the value of men who represent piers, abutments, and arches.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

BY JULIA GILL.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"

Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of his finger, they say;
And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John:
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head, and smiled;
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 't were well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel ———"

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If He lay His hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between:
'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees hastening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
See'st not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto Me!"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He sat on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;
As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

A LAY SERMON.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the light of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."—ECCLESIASTES.

THERE is no more remarkable book in the whole Bible than this one, Ecclesiastes; but this, assuredly, not for the justness of its ideas and sentiments; and in this respect, on the orthodox theory of verbal inspiration of the Bible, it is only surprising that it should have found place in its columns at all. It is generally attributed to Solomon, and with much seeming propriety, for it is just such a book as a voluptuary like him might at length have written; but it is also said to be a record of his sorrow over his past backslidings—to which I can only reply, that, alas! for any sensualists' repentance, if this is what it comes to. For the substantial philosophy of the book is this—"Take life as you may—use it for riches, pleasure, power, even wisdom—it is all the same; it is all vanity and vexation of spirit, and ends in the grave: so make the best of it, and crowd into it all the pleasure you can." Truly, this kind of philosophy does teach the unprofitableness of mere worldly pursuits, and so makes a fit lesson for the repentant voluptuary to teach; but then, wisdom itself is included in this condemnation; so that, in fact, it is the old refrain we are still listening to—"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." This mocking, cynical spirit—this utter despair of life in all its forms—so runs through the whole compass of the book, so permeates its entire contents, and meanwhile is embodied in so witching a style, both of statement and illustration, that there is no book I know of that I should so hesitate to put into the hands of a youth as this one, and especially so, as a part of the revealed mind and will of God. Not, however, that I would expunge it from the sacred canon; but undoubtedly, I would affix Paul's principle of interpretation, viz., that "all Scripture is given for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, in righteousness." This book answers to this description,

but what it says is this—"See what I, the writer, am—this is what working on wrong principles in life has done for me; it has corrupted my whole nature—it has poisoned the very springs of my existence: I have no longer, not only no clear, definite views of life and duty, but no power to originate any; all my old landmarks are gone—instinct and aspiration are alike dead within me; I have the *form* of a man, but am a living corpse." Yes—dangerous as is the philosophy it contains, that utterly passes from our thoughts when we begin to reflect upon the deplorable, the tragic, personal history which lies behind it. Therefore, I repeat, let it stand in the sacred canon; for properly looked at, it is a very moan and cry of the forsaken and lost soul. Fearful are its accents—terrible the warning!

It is now nothing against this view of the book to say that in parts at least it is different. For it is characteristic of the worst man, even in his worst state, that his moods are not constant—that the gloomy picture has *yet* gleams of light. The dull, inert mass becomes, at intervals, instinct with life and motion; the curtain is raised up—truer perceptions, juster sentiments, appear—that are, indeed, but transient flashes, and not sufficient to dispel the prevailing gloom, yet serve to show what he *once* was, and what, in God's great mercy, he may be again. Yes—*may be again*—I say; for oh! wonder of wonders is it, that the blasted, withered tree may once more put forth green shoots—may once more surround itself with branches and foliage; and the man however "dead in trespasses and sins," may once more "rise to newness of life;" whereof, let us thank God—thank God that we have this hope to encourage us in our prayers and efforts. So it need not surprise us if the voluptuary writer of this book has also *his* higher moods and moments, and does really give utterance sometimes to just and true sentiments. Perhaps they were but hearsays—perhaps mere memories of better days; but they are something to rejoice over in every case, as gleams in the dark night,—yea, the harbingers, it may be, of a new day!

And here let me make a further remark. These juster and truer senti-

ments when they do occur are not seldom distinguished by a surprising fullness, freshness, and breadth; and let us acknowledge, while upon this subject, that the voluptuary and worldling have sometimes, however incidentally and unconsciously, truths to tell us which we do not often hear at any other source. Rectitude, when once it has become the confirmed habit and temper of the soul, is apt to slide off into stiffness, narrowness, sourness; the man who has it, does properly enough in making it the chief aim of life, but he is apt to make it the sole aim, and so he frowns upon every aspect of life which does expressly bear its image. The simple *forms* of life he takes no interest in; the *enforced* gaiety of life he has no sympathy with; the happy *freedom* of life he looks with suspicion upon. There is no denying, I fear, that the same man who would not swerve a hair's breadth from his integrity under the severest trials, is often sadly wanting in power and breadth of natural sympathy. He lacks elasticity, ease, freedom, naturalness—his very sense of rectitude, whose yoke above all others, if after Jesus' pattern, should be "easy," being the tyrant who has placed these bonds upon him. Some such goodness as this had sway in the times of the Commonwealth, and the rebuke came from the wild license of Charles II.'s reign. The same sombre kind of goodness, but with far less heart in it, was rife at the end of the last century, in Scotland, and from the daring hand of Burns came the stroke of chastisement. It was rising into note and fame at the beginning of this century in England, and the voluptuary Lord Byron was he who perhaps most checked the rising tide. Alas for him, that in unveiling the beauty and blessedness of mere natural being, affection and emotion, he stript them of their beauty by making them lawless—alas for him, that he set them free only to make the freedom license! But so it comes, that the voluptuary writer of this book says some of the broadest, the most genial things about human life and ways possible. The writer was a Jew, and although we miss, and sadly miss, the depth and seriousness of tone of the higher Jewish minds such as Isaiah and Ezekiel, yet we

lose at the same time some of their crudeness and narrowness, and in this respect the writer here is a free, broad, Christian writer in what he says upon this subject. For instance—what more beautiful than his dictum, that there is a time for every real human office and delight—for every real human event and circumstance—and that every thing is beautiful in its season! Yes, he had grasped this truth out of his many backslidings, almost the only one he did save out of the dreadful wreck—this truth, which, as I have said, the good man often wholly misses—that this is a beautiful world, and everything in it is so—the trees of the forest, the birds of the air, the flowers at our feet, and especially man, the lord of this lower creation—man, as infant, child, *grown* man—man, in his instinct, affections, and emotions—man, in his labour and simple joys—all beautiful and blessed and right—all so, because a good God has made it, whose "tender mercies are over all his works." It is not a smitten world, blasted and scathed by God's curse; and man may, with boldness and erectness, walk its plains, and survey its magnificence, and enter into its joys, and look up in the face of his Father in heaven. A voluptuary says all this, if you like: but it is true—all true and Jesus himself sounded the key-note of the cheerful anthem when he taught us the blessed truth of the universal Fatherhood of God.

The passage, now, that I have selected for my text, echoes this sentiment, but suggests its just and necessary limitations.—"Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the light of thy eyes; but know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment." Some commentators, however, would have us believe that the first clause of this sentence was uttered decisively—as if the writer had said,—*"Take your self-willed, headstrong course, and much good may it do you."* But I cannot accept this interpretation. On the contrary, I think, that there is abundant evidence to prove that it was said in the spirit of the truest sympathy with the buoyancy of the youthful temperament, and its keen, quick sense of

pleasure, said, if not to encourage, certainly not to repress it; and the warning voice at the close was only intended to reduce it to low measure.

Say, now, what we may, there is no one thing in life which has such a charm for all beholders, as this same buoyancy of the natural spirits,—the gaiety that springs unforced from the depths of the soul within. It lights up the eye of the happy possessor—it causes almost a scenic play of the features—it puts music into the voice—it overruns in eager and graceful acts. We look on and wonder at the sight,—wonder what the fountain can be, which is constantly sending up such a copious stream of sparkling waters. And there is nothing more contagious than the sight. You may enshroud yourself in funereal gloom. You may stigmatize the sight by the terms,—mere good nature—mere animal spirits; but if you remain to witness it long, all the barriers in which you have entrenched yourself give way, and you are by force drawn into the current. I do not know of anything which offers such a lovely picture of the wonderful affluence of the life that is within us—the infinite and incalculable capacity for enjoyment with which our nature is blessed.

Now this, which is observable in some few adults, is the child and young man's normal condition; or if its absence is ever to be remarked, it is because ill-health or injudicious treatment has laid its heavy hand upon it. But no example taken from adults is in the least degree adequate to show the elasticity of spirits, the light-hearted gaiety, the unquenchable joyousness of soul, of the early period of life. How often have those of us, who have reached the maturity of life, and from whom so much of this light-heartedness has fled. How often have we caught ourselves gazing with wondering, wistful, envious eyes, upon the child and young man for their possession of this gift; and how does it grieve us to think that it is gone from us never to return? Those young days—how bright for us then shone the sun—how fair was the earth—how did every day seem a holiday—every face that of a friend!

And now, will you tell me that the

child and young man are not to quaff the cup that is held to their lips? Will you tell me they are to turn ungrateful from the rich store of happiness their Maker has placed within their reach,—placed indeed in their very hands? What! Blot out the fairest and brightest portion of their existence, and deprive them of its cheering memory! But first, say then, why it was made so bright and fair?—why this frightful snare, if it be a snare, was set right at the very beginning of their history? But no, it is no snare, it is a good God's own kind gift and provision—His own high and gracious welcome of His children to His glad and beautiful world!

Therefore do I once more take up the language of my text and say,—“Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth.” Rejoice in the gift of life, and in all the susceptibilities and powers of thy young being. Rejoice, if thou wilt, in the dance, in the song, in the companionship of thy kind, in the use of thy limbs, in the use of thy senses, in the flights of thy fancy, in the fond dreams of ambition, in the fair visions of hope,—ay, even in these delights which spring up unbidden, their source and name alike unknown! Rejoice in them all, and rejoice without misgiving, sure that thy Heavenly Father shares thy joy, just as a fond parent shares it, nor seeks to repress it. “Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth.”

But now, if I stopped here, woe to me, and alas for you! What! Bid you to a life of gaiety and pleasure, often insensate gaiety and pleasure! Bid you to that wild and dangerous sea! God forbid! So now I take up the remainder of the text, and say,—“but know thou—*know*—that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.”

Oh! what a solemn thought is this! Do we really think that we have nothing to do in life but enjoy? Do we really think that the world is only one huge pleasure—grand, so to speak—made for our sports, and games, and amusements? Away with such a thought; for listen to these awful words, which are, verily, words of truth and soberness,—“for all these things God will bring us into judgment.” Yes, the same great being who has given us “all things richly to enjoy,” has laid his awful commands

upon us, and his awful retribution awaits us, if we execute them not. I expressly invite you to believe in the rich enjoyments of life; but, oh! believe also, and above all things else, in the solemn responsibilities, the tasks of life, and the final award!

What are those tasks? To earn a livelihood merely? But here we have no choice, for he who will not work must starve. To build up a name and place in the world, then? Yet that is a poor ambition, and unsatisfying, as many a sad example would tell you, as a life of pleasure. No, but this is our task,—to live to conscience and duty—to build up our *inner* nature in knowledge, and all pure and holy dispositions—to live as immortal spirits, scorning the sway of the senses, and of the perishable things of time. And let me say, it is a real task, and the question we should ask ourselves is, does our work progress? Are we so working, that our Heavenly Master, when He comes down, so to speak, to view our work, shall find a virtue added here,—an ornament added there—the whole glorious edifice of the perfect man in Christ Jesus, rising year by year, and day by day? For this is our task, and it is a more glorious one, than to have built the pyramids, or to conquer kingdoms. It is an arduous one I know, but in the same proportion is it dignified, honourable, noble.

Here, then, is the true measure of our enjoyments in life: Do they interfere with this task? Do they diminish our interest in it? Do they obscure one perception of it as of primary importance? Do they impair our power for it? If they do this, then our pleasures are deceiving us, and already may the dread handwriting of judgment be read on the walls by him who has eyes to see!

Let me submit, in conclusion, two simple tests by which you may clearly know whether your pleasures are sinful or not. The first is,—can you bear to think of the awful scrutiny of the God of heaven in connexion with them? Is the thought of his all-seeing eye welcome at such times? The second is,—can you bear to think of your pleasures yourself in the light of eternity? Have you no inward foreboding, that one day the thought of these pleasures will return to

strike terror into your hearts, perhaps to sink you down, down for ever? Take the test as a whole then; and, oh! while you enjoy life, and you are permitted to do so, never forget that you have also an account to render—an account of a task performed—and as you have a heaven to gain, so you have also a heaven which you may lose by your sins.—J. S., *Halifax*.

THE ENDLESS HAPPINESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has affirmed, in his letters to the church clergy, that he sees no ground for believing in the endless happiness of the righteous, if the doctrine of the endless punishment of the wicked be not admitted; for, says he, they stand on the same basis, the word that is used to signify the duration of the happiness of the righteous, is the same word that is applied to express the punishment of the wicked. More than one of our friends ask us, "How we reply to this position of the Archbishop?"

In the first place, we rejoice that this question is now so universally agitated in our country; and that so many thousands of clergymen are doubting a doctrine which is an outrage on justice, reason, and affection. We are informed that not many more than half of the clergy of the church have signed the "*Oxford Declaration*," which declares the endless punishment of the wicked; this leaves about nine thousand who have not signed it. We greatly rejoice that our view of this doctrine has at last forced itself upon the attention of so many churches. The day draws nigh when this horrible, and worse than heathen dogma, will be consigned to forgetfulness.

And now we say to the Archbishop's position respecting this question, it is a pity that he has not studied the meaning of words and things better, that he should for a moment think there is no more reason to hope for a longer continuation of happiness than of misery, of good than of evil, of harmony with God's will, than rebellion against God. One of his own clergymen has reminded him, that sin and evil began in time and may end in time; whereas goodness and

happiness were ever with God, and can never come to an end as long as God exists. And when the Archbishop tells us the duration of the punishment of the wicked is expressed by the same word as the happiness of the righteous, and therefore must be of the same duration; we reply, it is equally true that the duration of the mountains of the earth is expressed by the same word (*everlasting*) as the duration of God; the fire on the Jewish altars, its time of duration, by the same word (*everlasting*) as the nature and being of God; the possession of the land of Canaan by the Israelites is expressed by the same word (*everlasting*) as the duration of God in the heavens and the earth; the servitude of a slave, and the life of an earthly king, are expressed by the same word (*everlasting*) as the duration of God's being: but do we therefore from this word infer, —slavery, earthly rule, the possession of the land of Canaan by the Jews, the fire on the Jewish altars, the duration of the mountains of the earth, that all these are endless as the being and nature of God. Certainly not. According to the logic of the Archbishop, we should do so. It is poor logic, and sorry divinity, which proceed in this way. In all languages there are several words which must be understood in different senses according to the subject to which they are applied. The Hebrew word *olim*, and the Greek word *aion*, translated EVER or EVERLASTING, are subject to this rule, and the best scholars of all churches repeatedly affirm, that these words do more frequently, express *indefinite* than *infinite* period.

We will place before our readers a few, out of a great number, of texts where the word *aion* or *aionios* necessarily means limited time. Matt. xiii. 39. —“The harvest is the end of (*aionios*) age.” Here the Saviour speaks of the end of *aionios*. Remember this is the word rendered eternal and everlasting in other places. Matt. xiii. 49.—“So will it be in the end of (*aionos*) age.” Heb. ix. 29.—“But now he has been manifested once at the end of (*aionion*) the ages.” Luke i. 70.—“His holy prophets who have been from (*aionos*) the beginning. I. Cor. ii. 7.—“God ordained before (*aionon*) the ages.” John viii. 35.—

“The slave abideth not in the house for (*aiona*) ever. The son abideth in the house for (*aiona*) ever.” Eccles. i. 4.—“The earth abideth for (*aiona*) ever.” Exodus xxi. 6.—“He shall serve him for (*aiona*) ever.” This was seven years. Philem. xv.—“Receive him for (*aionon*) ever.” Numb. xxv. 13.—“The covenant of an (*aionia*) everlasting priesthood.” Gen. xvii. 8.—“All the land of Canaan for an (*aionon*) everlasting possession.” Our readers now perceive that the word rendered, *everlasting*, is frequently used to denote a limited duration. And let us add that when *aion* or *aionios* is used to denote the future punishment of the wicked, it is never joined with life, immortality, incorruptibility, but connected with fire, pain, punishment, death, destruction, &c., things of a temporary and perishable nature, which clearly intimate a limitation of the period of duration.

We confess there are grounds from the scriptures for believing in the destruction or annihilation of the wicked from the phrases “everlasting death,” “everlasting destruction,” “everlasting punishment,” “the loss of life,” &c., but not one particle of reason for believing in the endless conscious misery of the wicked, *i.e.*, the imperishable nature of their sufferings. And the reason why we do not think the existence of the wicked will not be blotted out for ever and ever, is the plain intimation of the New Testament, that Christ came to save the lost, and that he shall reign till all in heaven and on earth and under the earth are restored to virtue and happiness. And because this view better comports with the benevolence and wisdom of God. If there be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, what extatic bliss and inconceivable joy there must be in the final restoration of our whole race to heaven and to God. The pain, the fire, and the periods of punishment to which the wicked are exposed, have then a meaning in beautiful harmony with all we know of God's dealings with mankind; and long as their period of suffering may be, it will not be one moment longer than is necessary to bring them back to God, one pang of suffering, more than is necessary, will not be allowed by God.

There is another point on which we think the Archbishop greatly errs. He says the same words which express the duration of the rewards of the righteous are used to denote the punishment of the wicked. We have replied to part of this objection by saying that the same word used to express the eternity of God, is that which is used to express the duration of a mountain, the reign of a king, or the existence of a priesthood, and that its meaning must be understood from the subject to which it is applied. But the Archbishop must further know, that not only the words *aion* and *aionios* are applied to the future of the righteous, but other more definite terms as well, which mark the *endless* duration of the righteous. Christ says that the righteous shall *never* perish, shall *never* be snatched out of his hand.—John x. 29. This is very definite information on this point. If he had said that the wicked should never be saved from their wickedness, the lost never recovered, the suffering never restored, we could have held no further controversy on this matter. He says, concerning the joys of heaven, "It is a treasure which never faileth, never corrupteth, no thief can steal it away."—Luke xii. 33. Surely no one would gainsay the endless character of the joys of heaven with those phrases applied to it. It never perishes, never ends, never fails, never corrupts, is never destroyed, can never be taken from us. So says the Saviour. Paul says It is a "kingdom which cannot be shaken," and that it is an "immortal and incorruptible" state. That we contend for an "incorruptible crown." Paul says "that mortality shall be swallowed up of life, and that life and immortality are brought to light." We do not trust to the word "*everlasting*" in this matter. There are terms of a more decided and positive character referring to the future happiness of the good. We are told that "death shall be destroyed for ever," "death shall be swallowed up in victory," and that the righteous "shall never die," that we shall be "like the angels of God" who never die. We are told that Christ is a priest with the power of *ENDLESS LIFE*.—Heb. vii. 16. We have no such words as endless death, or endless sin and suffering: No, no, Christ is able to save to the

uttermost, and will save from sin and death. We wonder the Archbishop overlooked these passages. Peter speaks of an "unfading inheritance," "unfading crown," &c. Do not these phrases denote the endless happiness of the good? yes, every phrase does. The words applied to the state of the righteous are so clear—"never die," "never perish," "never fade," "never corrupt," "immortal," "never faileth," "never shaken," and "endless life." We wonder that the good old man when he wrote his letters to the churches, that the duration of the punishment of the wicked and the righteous were on an equal footing derived from the word (*aion*) everlasting, that he overlooked the fact that the word (*aion*) ever, is very indefinite, while the words which denote eternity in the New Testament point out the duration of the happiness of the righteous, beyond the chance of any dispute.

We have now answered the question of more than one of our friends, and clearly pointed out that the duration of the future happiness of the good does not stand upon the same basis in the Bible as the punishment of the bad. The righteous shall enter upon an age of life and felicity that knows no end, no death; the wicked shall enter upon an age of punishment that shall ultimate in their recovery from all evil, and be finally restored to the happiness God has provided for all. In anticipation of this, we exclaim, "Break forth into joy, exalt together, for Jehovah will comfort his people, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God." Glorious and delightful news to man—"Glad tidings of great joy to ALL PEOPLE." "O the depth of the riches of both the wisdom and the goodness of God."

THE BENEVOLENT SECTS.

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Member of Congress for Pennsylvania, alludes to the Universalists and Unitarians as the "benevolent sects." During the dark ages, they were condemned and persecuted under the name of "merciful doctors." Whether or not these names were used to express reproach, we are willing to accept them.—*Gospel Banner*.

MORAL COURAGE.

THE highest and most perfect order of courage, and that which in a very considerable degree, comprehends every other kind, is moral courage. This is a quality which is unknown to the brute creation—and is found developed in man in proportion as he approaches the perfection of human nature. Moral courage may be regarded as that *transcendental* power of the mind, if we may so speak—that spiritual essence, which prompts a man to seek the paths of truth, and do justice, even if the Heavens should fall. It is that secret voice, which impresses on his mind the importance of executing fearlessly, the mighty trust confided to his care—that inward monitor which teaches him to despise selfish considerations, and to regard all things as secondary to that of executing faithfully his duties in this life.

Moral courage will, in a great degree, supply the place of all other kinds of courage. A man who is well endowed with moral courage, will seldom entertain fear of any kind. He will never shrink from danger to his person, while engaged in the performance of his duty—he will be terrified by neither menaces, imprisonment nor blows—he will not be lured from the path of rectitude by persuasions of bribes—or induced by a spirit of persecution to do an act of which his conscience will not entirely approve. Of course, moral courage is not an attribute of the *duellist*.

A celebrated civilian of Great Britain, Lord Erskine, on one occasion, explained the rule of his conduct through life, in the following terms: "It was the first command and counsel of my youth, to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust, the practice of this paternal lesson to the grave.—I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been even a temporary sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

Instances of pure moral courage, we regret to say, are seldom exhibited in

these times, when *expediency* seems to be the motto of all classes in society. We are too apt to allow our passions to interfere, and divert us from the path of duty. The love of wealth—ambition—revenge—affection, or the dread of physical ills, will often allure apparently wise and good men from the path, which conscience tells them ought to be pursued. Our standing in society, our rank in the annals of fame, and our worldly prosperity, we are too apt to consider paramount to truth and justice.

The great mass of mankind are too apt to view the actions of man through the inverted perspective of passion or prejudice. They often wish their rulers to act in a manner to subserve particular interests, instead of obeying the immutable decrees of truth and justice. And the man, however good or truly great, who placed conspicuously in public life, is guided solely by principle, and never turns aside in his course to flatter the multitude, in order to advance his interest or reputation, who is uninfluenced by fear or favor, can seldom expect to give satisfaction to the "democracy of numbers." It is frequently the case that a man will become unpopular to a degree corresponding with his exhibition of moral courage; and the unjust decree of *ostracism* will be pronounced against him! The history of man and nations furnishes many striking illustrations in support of this assertion. * *Aristides* was banished from Athens for his virtues. The people became tired of his moral excellence, and banished him, whom they had surnamed *the Just*, from the city. But the people, although they may do wrong from interested motives, or from passion, will almost always act justly after the waves of passion or prejudice have subsided. Indeed, they may deeply reverence truth, while at the same time they unjustly persecute its ministers!

Moral courage is the attribute of the Patriot and the Christian. There are no men who more command the admiration, or are more entitled to the respect and veneration of mankind, than those noble spirits, who offer up their lives for their country or their religion—who die martyrs to Patriotism or Christianity.—*Mercantile Journal*.

MAY MORNING.

BEAUTIFULLY broke forth the clear bright sun, and balmy was the breath of "incense breathing morn," which welcomed the coming of the Queen of the months.

The blue sky seemed to smile, and the early birds were loud with their salutations.

Nature, by a thousand cheerful sights, and a thousand sweet sounds, testified her rejoicings, and the earth had decked her bosom with the first little flowers and budding greens, for the steps of her lovely visitor.

But what was all this to one imprisoned within the dark chambers of the city—where the early hum of human traffic drowns the melody of nature's hymns, and high piles of brick shut from sight the azure heavens and the rainbow clouds! Man learns to sleep over the tokens of reviving spring, hardened to its holy serenity by the bustling avocations of ambition and gain.

But childhood yet feels its native sympathy with the young year, and owns its influence, and loves to go forth with the glad birds and the infant flowers. It was the voice of children, cheerfully preparing for their May-morning stroll, which broke my slumbers.

The sun, just risen, poured a tranquil light abroad, and I sprang from my couch, resolved once more to be a child, and taste the pleasures of spring-time in the field.

I had soon passed the streets and the bridge, and was fairly in the country.

I breathed a fresher air, I trod with a freer step. I was in the domains of nature once more, escaped from the confinement of man's invention, and the crowd of man's work.

I saw nothing around me but the works of God, and the light and peace which He sheds upon the world that He loves—loves and blesses, in spite of its sins.

I looked upward, and, in letters of living light, the heavens spread before me His love. I looked around, and I saw it in the swelling blossoms, in the budding branches, in the springing carpet of green. It came to my ear in the glad melody of the birds, and in the heartfelt accents of delight which burst from the groups of happy and active children.

I felt it in every breath I drew, laden with the morning fragrance, which is sweeter than all perfume, and wafts breath and pleasure on its wing. It all has but *One* Author, I exclaimed, and *He* is *Love*. It is His spirit which breathes in the gale, and lives in all these signs of joy and life.

"Thy footsteps imprint the morning hills,
Thy voice is heard in the music of rills,
In the song of birds, and the heavenly chorus,
That nature utters around us, o'er us.
In every thing Thy glory beameth;
From everything Thy witness streameth."

And so it has been from the beginning—"He has never left Himself without a witness," and what more delightful witnesses than those days, in which, He renews the face of the earth?

It seems like the freshness and purity of an original creation. I was ready to say with Buchanan in his beautiful hymn:

"On such a morning as this it was that the new-created world sprang up at God's command."

This is the air of holy tranquility, which was then upon all things; this is the clear and fragrant breath that passed over the smiling gardens of Eden; this the same sweet light that then shot down from the new-born sun, and diffused a gentle rapture o'er the face of Nature, and through the frame of living things. And such, too, shall be the aspect of that morning which ushers in the time of heaven's eternal year; such the serenity and glory of that day, which shall call forth to renewed existence—not the plants and flowers from a temporary death—but the spirits of immortal men; and shall roll through earth and heaven—not the music of an earthly spring-time—but the rapturous anthems of the ransomed children of God, rising to the birth at the everlasting year.

Hail, then, all hail, thou fair morning of this fairest of the months—emblem of the fair morning that shall yet be! Memorial of the nativity of earth! Image of God's ever-present love! Pledge of an everlasting love! Thou shalt pass away, beautiful as thou art, and thy blossoms and pleasures perish. The hot summer shall scorch them, and the stormy winter bury them beneath his snows. But that glorious spring-time, which shall revive the being of man, shall never fade. The soul shall blossom and flourish for ever in the garden of God. His spirit breathes there a perpetual balm, and the sunshine of His countenance knows no variableness, nor shadow of change.

Roll on, ye hardy seasons! accomplish your appointed periods, and introduce that unfading May. Ye may change, but ye bring on that which cannot change; ye may waft to me sorrows and disappointments, as ye fly; but ye are fast bearing me where sorrow and disappointment cannot come. And I will welcome even the winter of death, since it shall be followed by the spring of heaven.—*M. Ware.*

AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "WHY DO YOU GO TO THE UNITARIAN CHURCH?"

"Be ready to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason."—*PETER.*

"Prove all things."—*PAUL.*

BECAUSE the Unitarians reject all human creeds and articles of faith, and strictly adhere to the great Protestant principle, "the Bible—the Bible only;" admitting no standard of Christian truth, nor any rule of Christian practice, but the words of the Lord Jesus and his Apostles.

II.—Because the Unitarian doctrine can be expressed in the very words of Jesus and his Apostles, without addition or comment: hence it appears to me most agreeable to the Scriptures.

"And one of the Scribes came, and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all? And Jesus answered him, the first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength:

this is the first commandment.—And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these. And the Scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth; for there is one God, and there is none other but he; and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.—Mark xii. 28—34. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."—John xvii. 3. "To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things."—1 Cor. viii. 6. "God is one."—Gal. iii. 20. "One God and Father of all, who is above all."—Eph. iv. 6. "One God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."—1 Tim. ii. 5.

III.—Because at the Unitarian Church, I am not taught to think that those who do not believe the doctrine there maintained, "must, without doubt, perish everlastingly," nor required to censure and condemn any man for differing from me in religious sentiments; but am exhorted to live in charity with all men."

IV.—Because there I am at full liberty to judge for myself, and exercise all the rights of conscience, without being exposed to the least censure, or unkind treatment.

"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."—Matt. xxvii. 8. "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and he not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."—Gal. v. 1.

V.—Because I can understand the doctrine taught there, and have not to assent to what is contrary to reason.

"Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?"—Luke xii. 57. "Your reasonable service."—Rom. xii. 1.

VI.—Because I think it both a duty and a privilege to unite in the worship of the one God the Father, according to the directions of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"After this manner, therefore, pray ye, *Our Father*," etc.—Matt. vi. 9. "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the *Father* in spirit and in truth; for the *Father* seeketh such to worship him."—John iv. 23. "In that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the *Father* in my name, he will give it you."—John xvi. 23.

VII.—Because at the Unitarian Church, I can follow the example of him who was our example in all things, in worshipping one God, even the *Father*; without mingling in my devotions a "God the Son"—a "God the Holy Ghost"—a "holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity"—a "Trine God"—a "sacred three"—nor a "holy mother of God, the Virgin Mary," for all which, I find no warrant or example in my Bible.

"I thank thee, O Father! Lord of heaven and earth."—Luke x. 21. "O my Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."—Matt. xxvi. 39. "Father! glorify thy Son: holy Father! keep those thou hast given."—John xvii. 1, 11. "Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do."—Luke xxii. 34.

VIII.—Because in the hymns there used, I am not continually shocked and confounded with expressions which appear equally inconsistent with reason and scripture. I am not taught to sing the praises of "the mighty God"—"the eternal God"—now as a feeble infant upon his mother's knees—and now as dying "to atone almighty wrath." I meet with no such passages as,

"This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and adored."

"When God, the mighty maker died,
For man the creature's sin,"

and others of a similar character to be found in the spiritual songs used in many churches.

IX.—Because at the Unitarian Church I hear Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified, preached as the Christ, the son of the living God.

It is impossible for God to die, be buried, and raised from the dead; but the Apostle Paul declares, "It is Christ that died."—Rom. viii. 34. "That Christ died for sins, according to the Scriptures, that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day."—1 Cor. xv. 3, 4. The Apostle did not preach, as the Christ, a divine person who dwelt in the crucified man, which person could neither die nor be buried; but they asserted, that the very same person who was crucified, was both Lord and Christ. Acts ii. 36.

X.—Because Unitarians teach the doctrine of "the true grace of God,"—his unmerited, unpurchased favour to mankind,—that salvation and eternal life are his free gifts through Jesus Christ; which is clearly the doctrine of Scripture.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. vi. 23. "For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."—Eph. ii. 8, 9. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men," &c.—Titus ii. 11.

XI.—Because at the Unitarian Church, God is spoken of according to the Scriptures, as a Being who is infinitely wise, just, and good, as the "Father of all." There I hear nothing ascribed to him that is inconsistent with perfect wisdom, justice, and goodness, or with his character, as the gracious Father of all, or with the declaration, "God is Love."

XII.—Because there the crucified Jesus is exalted, as having attained his high dignity and glory, and his appointment to be the Saviour and Judge of the world, as the reward of his obedience and perfect righteousness.

"He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, wherefore God also hath highly exalted him."—Phil. ii. 3, 9. "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."—Heb. i. 9.

XIII.—Because there the Gospel is asserted to be the ministration of the Spirit, and the divine influence to be universal and perpetual.

"Now shall not the ministration of the spirit be rather glorious?"—2 Cor. iii. 8. "For in Him, we live and move, and have our being."—Acts xvii. 28. "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things."—Rom. xi. 36. "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and in you all."—Eph. iv. 6.

XIV.—Because there the necessity of personal righteousness is insisted on, and the spirit of Christ, and conformity to his example, made essential to genuine Christianity.

"Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."—Rom. vii. 9. "He that saith, I know him and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. He that saith that he abideth in him, ought himself also to walk, even as he walked."—1 John ii. 4 and 6. "Let no man deceive you: He that doeth righteousness is righteous."—1 John iii. 7.

XV.—Because there a future righteous retribution is preached, that every man shall be judged according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not; that our future condition is not determined by an arbitrary and irresistible decree, but according to the deeds done in the body.

"Then shall he reward every man according to his works."—Matth. xvi. 27. "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. v. 10.

XVI.—Because there I am taught to think well of human nature, as the work of God, and to love all mankind as my brethren, as the rational offspring of the Almighty, the objects of his love, made by him for happiness.

"We are the offspring of God."—Acts xvii. 29. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16. "Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are, and were created."—Rev. iv. 11.

XVII.—Because the gospel, as preached by Unitarians, is on a level with the common sense of mankind, and therefore agreeable to the description of his religion given by our Lord himself, when he calls it a revelation to babes, and suited to the poor.

XVIII.—Finally, because at the same time that the gospels thus preached among Unitarians in its *simplicity*, its evidences and its truth are maintained with an energy and an effect which I can ascribe to no cause but a more faithful use of the means God has afforded them for the understanding and illustrating of its doctrines.

Such are my reasons for going to the Unitarian Church—Are they not scriptural? Reader, go thou likewise, and judge for thyself.

THE GENTLENESS OF CHRIST.

We have only spoken of the thunder and the lightning, which might have come forth from the Messiah's preaching; but he also had the same power over the thunder and the lightning in his miraculous interpositions. He who can lay his hand on the blind, and they see, can also nod, and those who see shall be made blind. He who can say to the leper, "be clean," can cover the clean with a leprosy. He who can say to the dead, "stand up," can place the living in the slumber of death by his bare will. The storm which is stilled in obedience to his nod, must also obey him when he calls it up from the abyss, to destroy his adversaries. You owe it to this aspect of the works and conduct of Christ, that when his miraculous power is spoken of, you think merely of a miraculous power which blesses. There is, however, a miraculous power of which the Scripture speaks, which instead of blessing, punishes. It is in the Old Testament that we discover, pre-eminently, a manifestation of this power. There is an instance of it in the speech of Moses against Korah's company. "When he had uttered these words," it is said, "the earth beneath them was rent asunder, and it opened its mouth and swallowed them up; and they went down alive into the pit, they and every thing which they possessed; and the earth covered them up." In the same way also does Peter, in the New Testament, say to Ananias,—"Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God; and when Ananias heard these words, he fell down and gave up the ghost; and great fear came upon all who heard this." Lo, in this manner might our Saviour have gone through the world, with his hand uplifted, conjuring the storm from the abyss or the thunder from heaven against every transgressor, an avenger of every crime. Yet the Son of man it is said, did not come to judge the world, but to save it. The Lord is not in the storm and tempest, but in the soft, gentle sound. All his miracles, his miracles of deliverance and of kindness, are designed to teach us the spiritual significance of his appearance on the earth. Yea with perfect faithfulness does the evangelist, when he describes a healing of the sick by Jesus, apply to him the words of the prophet,—"He bore our sickness." For was it not an endurance of our sickness: did he not in truth take it and bear it in his feeling heart, when he lived from morning until evening surrounded with the infirm and the miserable, whom he relieved?

As was his entrance into the world, so was his departure from it. The same instruction, that was proclaimed by his advent, and by his life, was also proclaimed by his ascension. How might he have departed? If the Lord of glory whom they had nailed to the cross, but who could not be held by death, had, when risen from the grave and glorified by heaven, gone to the place of his agonies, to the mount of Olives, and there waved his banner of victory before all the world; he had only to give one nod, and the city which had cried out against him,—"Away with Jesus, release unto us Barabbas," would have sunk into the deep like Sodom and Gomor-

rah; and the people who had cried,—“His blood come upon us and upon our children,” must have shrieked out,—“Ye mountains cover us, and ye hills fall upon us.” Yet here also the Lord was not in the storm and the tempest, but in the soft sound. Early in the morning did he once more assemble his own in Jerusalem; darkness still brooded over the streets of the city; he then walked, in the stillness of the morning twilight, with the eleven to the mountain, which had witnessed his bloody sweat on the night of his sorrows. The earliest rays of the opening day shone through the clouds; and then, says the history, he lifted up his hands, and blessed his chosen ones, and a cloud took him up from the earth. Amid the shades of night he came; in the redness of the morning's dawn he went away. Ever, ever shalt thou stand before our souls, thou glorified Saviour, in the same attitude in which thou didst leave the world, with thy hands extended over thy chosen to bless them! Yes, the Lord is not in the tempest, but in the soft, mild sound!—*Tholuck.*

EXTRACTS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

Education.

“Ignorance is the curse of God;
Knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.”

Jealousy.

“Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.”

Repentance.

“Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of heaven nor earth.”

Manliness.

“I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.”

A Good Deed.

“How far that little candle throws his beams—
So shines a good deed in a naughty world!”

Labour.

“Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.”

Ceremony.

“When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony;
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.”

True Honour.

“Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Anger.

“To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self mettle tires him.

Hypocrisy.

“We are oft to blame in this
’Tis too much proved, that with devotion’s
visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o’er
The devil himself.”

Marriage.

“Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorney-ship;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.”

Abuse of Authority.

“O, it is excellent
To have a giant’s strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

O, but man, proud man
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.”

Transitory.

“These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inheriteth, shall dissolve;
And, like the unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.”

Love and Lust.

“Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain;
But lust’s effect is tempest after sun.
Love’s gentle spring doth always fresh remain;
Lust’s winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

The Penalty of Covetousness.

“Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter, and unloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more, they have but less:
Or gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.”

“So that in venturing ill, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect,
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have; so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.”

“What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
Who buys a minute’s mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape, who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
down.”

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

OLD BACHELORS.—May they be compelled to cut out their own clothes with a half pair of scissors, all the days of their lives.

IDEAS AND FACTS.—*A religion*, that is a true religion, says Coleridge, must consist of ideas and facts both; not of ideas alone without facts, for then it would be mere philosophy; nor of facts alone without ideas, for then it would be mere history.

TRUE GENTLEMEN.—Thackeray defines them as those whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant and elevated in degree, whose want of meanness makes them simple, and who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for great and small.

A PLAIN AND SHORT ROAD TO A GOOD DESTINY.—Be studious, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be virtuous, and you will be happy. Would you punish the spiteful? Show him that you are above his malice. The dart he threw at you will rebound, and pierce him to the heart.

CHINESE PROVERBS.—A woman that is never spoken of is the most praised. Modesty is female courage. A girl that frequently blushes knows why. Women's tongues are swords that never rust. While cooks disagree, every thing cools and burns. Conscience is the truest looking-glass. There are more honest men in prisons than in offices. When we stumble, our foot is not in fault.

NEW CRUSADE.—The "*Spectator*," a church paper, says, that Dr. Pusey and the Evangelical party has formed a new coalition, to go forth and preach the gospel of hell everlasting; and to seek to subvert the decision of Her Majesty's Privy Council. So not Jesus Christ and the kingdom of God, but the Devil and the kingdom of Hell, is the basis of this new campaign.

THOROUGH SUBJECTION OF MIND.—In a manual before mass, a Catholic prayer is,—“Lord, I believe plainly and sincerely whatever thy Holy Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, teacheth me, touching any of the most divine mysteries and doctrines.—Herein I utterly renounce the judgment of my senses, and all human understanding, and depend only on Thy divine and inexplicable Omnipotence.”

SAMUEL NEBANUS.—This good and pious Unitarian pastor was banished from Amersfort; his wife was seized with her last illness. She wished to see her husband before she died, but the magistrates of the town forbade her this pleasure in death. Persons were sent to watch the house, as it was possible he might brave the danger. He never came—she died without this enjoyment. With all the bad feelings in America, during this civil war, it rises not to this pitch of wickedness. When General Butler heard that Madame Beauregard was in a dying state at New Orleans, he commanded General Beauregard to be kindly notified of it, and that a safe-guard would be granted to him, to see his dying wife. Religious strife is the worst and wickedest of all strife.

CHRISTOPHER VIRET.—During the reign of Mary, in 1579, a Unitarian society flourished in Southwark. A person, the name of Christopher Viret, a joiner by trade, had written two or three Unitarian works, and aided in the formation of this society called Familists, or the “family of love.” A person, the name of Stephanus, was a member of the society, and wrote several works. It is said that the ever-memorable John Hales, of Eton, was said to be a great reader of those works, and predicted that the principles of this sect would one day have many admirers.

ANTIQUITY OF THE EARTH.—Dr. Phillips, late President of the Geological Society of London, and now Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford, in a work published by him in 1860, entitled “Life on the Earth, its Origin and Succession,” by one system of reckoning makes the time needful for the deposition of the various strata to amount to 96,000,000 of years; by a second system to 64,000,000; and by a third to 38,000,000. The learned writer adds, however, that by no hypothesis founded on probability, can so short a period as the last be assigned for the deposition of the various strata. Adding, only two million of years to Dr. Phillip's computation, the age of the earth would be 40,000,000 of years.

POPISH RELICS.—The following is a list of Popish relics mentioned in Brady's “Clavis,” which either have received, or are receiving adoration:—A finger of St. Andrew; a finger of St. John the Baptist; the thumb of St. Thomas; a tooth of our Lord; a rib of our Lord, or, as it is profanely styled, of the *verbum caro factum* (the word made flesh); the hem of our Lord's garment, which cured the diseased women; the seamless coat of our Lord; a tear which our Lord shed over Lazarus—it was preserved by an angel, who gave it in a phial to Mary Magdalene; two handkerchiefs, on which are impressions of our Saviour's face—the one sent by our Lord himself as a present to Agbarus, Prince of Edessa, the other given at the time of his crucifixion to a holy woman, named Veronica; the rod of Moses, with which he performed his miracles; a lock of hair of Mary Magdalene's; a hem of Joseph's garment; a feather of the Holy Ghost; a finger of the Holy Ghost; a feather of the angel Gabriel; a finger of a cherubim; the water-pots used at the marriage in Galilee; the slippers of the antediluvian Enoch; the face of a seraphim, with only part of the nose; the snout of a seraphim, thought to have belonged to the preceding; the coal that broiled St. Lawrence; the square buckler, lined with red velvet, and the short sword of St. Michael; a phial of the sweat of St. Michael, when he contended with Satan; some of the rays of the star, which appeared to the Magi.

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